

6<sup>d</sup>

A  
Journey to H<sup>ell</sup>—:

O R, A  
Visit paid to, &c.

A  
P O E M.

*Reflecting upon yo<sup>r</sup> Physicians & Apothecaries; Poets; Printers  
& Booksellers & yo<sup>r</sup> Authors; Vintners & Coopers:*

P A R T II.

*Both Parts by the Author of the London-Spy.*



L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be Sold by the Bookfellers of  
London and Westminster. 1700.

7. May.



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# THE P R E F A C E.

**I** Have reason to suspect, from some Clamours I have heard against the Title of this Poem, upon the Publication of the First Part, that 'tis a very wicked Age we live in, since the very Name of Hell and the Devil are such wonderful Scare-crows to a parcel of Puritanical Fornicators, which, if they had been oftner put in mind of his Infernal Worship, and his dreadful Dominions, might have been a means, for ought I know, of frightening 'em from a Licentious and Wicked Life, into more Honesty and Vertue. Words in themselves are no more than Marks by which we signifie or expresse the Conceptions of our own Minds, or raise up Idea's of the same things we represent in others.

Therefore to put the World in mind of Hell and the Devil, in a justifiable way, representing both as terrible as the narrowness of my Capacity would give me leave, I hope can be no Fault, since it is reasonable enough to believe, the dread of eternal Punishment deters more People from an Ill Life, than the hopes of everlasting Happiness has induc'd to a Good one; for we may observe the weakness of Humane Nature to be such, that the fear of Wracks and Tortures has often brought Offenders and Conspirators to a Confession of their Guilt and Plots, when the reward of Life would not tempt 'em to a Discovery; and almost every Man may find, who will but examine himself or observe others, that Prosperity in this World does not so much elevate a Man, as Adversity depresses him; Pleasure does not so much affect us as Pain, which makes us more watchful to avoid the one, than industrious to obtain the other. I declare my Intention to be good, and those that look into the Design without Prejudice, must allow it to be so: But as for such kind of zealous Shop-Criticks, who are afraid to peep into the Book because they see the Devil in the Title-Page, I must needs tell 'em, it savours more of ridiculous Preciseness and Hypocrisy, than it does of true Zeal or good Judgment, and I think they deserve as much to be laugh'd at for being angry with the Title upon that Account, as the Lady did for burning her Bed upon another, which affording something of a Jest, I'll proceed to the Story. In the Times of Confusion, when the Sword had cut down the Scepter, Purity knock'd down the Church, and a High Court of Justice had destroy'd both Law and Equity, there happen'd then to be a very Devout Lady, who number'd her self amongst the prevailing

A 2

Saints,

## The PREFACE.

*Saints, and would not suffer any thing that had been polluted to harbour under her Roof; the more to strengthen her in her Religious Exercises and Heavenly Meditations, she kept a thumping lusty Precisian in her House, which she call'd her Chaplain, who was always wonderful busie in watching the Lambs of Grace in the Family, that they might not Err and Stray like lost Sheep; and at last happen'd, by his vigilance, to discover a Man-Servant and a Maid-Servant upon a Bed together in very close Conjunction, and running presently to the Good Lady, brought her to the Key-hole of the Door to be an Eye-witness of the Matter, who seeing such an abomination committed in her House, call'd out to 'em with all impatience to open the Door, and for a Couple of unsanctified Wretches to depart her House, which she fear'd would fall under some heavy Judgment for so vile a Transgression; their business being done, in Obedience to their Lady's Commands, they drew the Bolt, and the enrag'd good Gentlewoman, with the assistance of her Holy Servant, turn'd 'em out into the Street, by Head and Shoulders, which being done, they consulted together how they should punish the defiled Bed, for assisting them in their Wickedness, at last concluded it should be burnt, which was done accordingly; who should come by, when the sinful Utensils were in Flames, but the Fellow who had been the Transgressor, and being inform'd what the Fire was made on, Egad, says he, they might as well have burnt all the Beds in the House, and most of the Chairs to boot; for there are none of the one, and very few of the other, but what, to my Knowledge, have been privy to the same business.*

*I only give this Story as an Instance of the unaccountable Folly and blindness of some Folks Zeal; for if every Bed was to be burnt that has been thus polluted, and every Book to be suppress'd that has Hell or the Devil's Name in it, our Libraries would be very thin, and our Houses but indifferently Furnish'd; besides, as to the latter, the drift of the whole Poem being to detect and scourge the Frauds and Wickedness of Men. I say, they may as well Censure most Sermons preach'd, in the Nation, wherein the same Bugbear Words are us'd with a good Intention: But however, because such Persons should not be Offended, I have, in this Part, put Hell with a dash, and supplied the place of the Devil with an &c. which Method, to please 'em, I shall continue in all the succeeding Parts, which (God willing) I intend to carry on as long as the World shall give Encouragement.*

Farewel.

A Jour-



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A

# Journey, &c.

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## PART II.

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**I**N the Court's absence hot Disputes arose,  
 Betwixt the Doctors and their Dogst<sup>ur</sup>d Foes ;  
 No Blows they had, but every warm Debate  
 Did in abusive Language terminate ;  
 Quack, Emp<sup>r</sup>ick, Clyster-giver, Fool, and Knave,  
 Close-stool-Promoter, Buttock-peeping Slave,  
 Physician's Vassal \* kept at first to Trot  
 With Vomit, Vial, Purge, and Gally-Pot,  
 To pick our Drugs and Herbs, and what is worse,  
 To bear the Teaze of ev'ry tatt'ling Nurse ;  
 Drudge to the Pestle and a Charcoal Fire,  
 Only maintain'd to save a Porter's Hire,  
 And now ! to thus audaciously presume  
 To prescribe Physick in a Doctor's room,  
 When you no more of Theory understand,  
 Than Monsters in the Ocean do of Land :  
 Whence sprang this unaccountable advance,  
 But from base Impudence and Ignorance ?

\* Apotheca-  
 ries origi-  
 nally Ser-  
 vants to  
 Physicians.

Whence can you boast your Knowledge, left you own,  
 By study of your Files you're Learned grown?  
 And if you do, 'tis but a weak defence,  
 For none but Quacks from *Recipes* Commence:  
 If from Prescriptions you could once attain  
 To be a competent Physician,  
 Read *Usher's* Sermons, where the Gospel Thines,  
 And you as well may make your selves Divines:  
 How will ye find, by an old musty Bill,  
 New Patients Constitutions when they're Ill?  
 Or if unlearn'd in Physick's crabbed Laws,  
 How the Distemper judge, or guess the Cause?  
 No, your pretended Skill's a dangerous Cheat,  
 To bubble those who want both Health and Wit.  
 If an old File can such Instructions give,  
 As teach you how to make the Dying Live,  
 How far must we Excel, what Wonders do,  
 Who gave at first those *Recipes* to you !

This Scourge made all the Crabs-Eye Crew run mad,  
 Who answer'd 'em in Language full as bad,  
 They hum'd and buz'd about like angry Bees,  
 And look'd as poy'snous as *Cantharides*,  
 Vex'd at the two-edg'd Sayings of the Bard,  
 Thus they began, spoke loud, and wou'd be heard:  
 Cast on your selves but an impartial Eye,  
 Look round your ill-compos'd Society,  
 And you as empty Dunces there may find,  
 Quite deaf to Learning, and to Reason blind,

As e'er swept Shop, or did a Counter wipe,  
 Or ty'd a Bladder to a Clyster-Pipe :  
 Some *Hogan Mogan* Quacks, first Taylors bred,  
 And from the Shop-board were Physicians made,  
 By old Receipts of others, not their own,  
 Grow famous Curers of the *Gout* or *Stone* :  
 Why may not we Prescribe as well as these,  
 Who ne'er read *Galen* or *Hippocrates*,  
 Or any part of Physick's System know,  
 Beyond what our *Dispensatories* show.  
 Others of *Oxford* may, or *Cambridge* boast,  
 Who had a Twelve-month's standing there at most,  
 Where what he learn'd at School he not improv'd, but lost,  
 Whose wand'ring Thoughts no Study could entice,  
 But is expell'd for Negligence or Vice.  
 And thus the Rake fall'n short of a Degree,  
 Chaplain or Curate he despairs to be,  
 At last Physician turns thro' meer Necessitie.  
 When thus resolv'd, he does to *Holland* go,  
 Where Quacks and Mountebanks like Mushromes grow,  
 Spring up as fast ; a *Recipe's* their rise,  
 And thus they're made Physicians in a trice.  
 But he more learn'd in School-Boy Rules repairs  
 To *Leyden*, where he's taught to stand the Bears,  
 There spends Six Months, and at a small expence,  
 Does two or three Degrees at once Commence :  
 Then Home he comes, and does admittance gain,  
 Amongst the grave old Bards in *Warwick-Lane* ;  
 Adorns his Copy'd Prescripts well as they,  
 With the learn'd Capitals, *M. F. S. A.*

A Pill made publick is his main support,  
 Which he takes care does neither good nor hurt,  
 Fam'd for som wond'rous Cure at som strang Prince's Court;  
 He's always hasty, trots a Coach-Horse pace,  
 And bears the Title (Doctor) with a Grace:  
 Furnish'd with Terms, he can the Patient pose,  
 And runs at all, tho' nothing truly knows;  
 Undertakes desp'rate Cures for weighty Summs,  
 Coz'ning the Patient wheresoe'er he comes;  
 Why may not we, to make up Med'cines bred,  
 The same Admin'fter, and as well succeed  
 As this unskilful interloping Crew,  
 Ign'rant of Physick, nay, and Med'cine too.  
 The Learn'd but make of both a common Jest,  
 A *Leyden Quack*, and *Salamanca Priest*:  
 Therefore -----

The Judge returning, ended the Dispute,  
 And with his awful Presence struck 'em Mute;  
 As wrangling Mob, together by the Ears,  
 Grow silent when the Constable appears.  
 Down in great Pomp the grave Assembly sits,  
 The Lamps grew dim, the Cryer call'd fresh Lights.  
 Then *Pluto's* Orator his Papers spread,  
 And to the Court this short Oration made:  
 My Lord -----  
 Within the Circle of a solar Year,  
 Such numbers of these Criminals appear  
 At this last Bar of Justice, that there needs  
 But short recital of their sinful Deeds;

At



A long *Exordium* therefore *Ell* forbear,  
And just remind your Lordship what they are,

These were the Enemies to Humane Good,  
Who did the languishing Disceas'd delude,  
With gilded Poysons to abuse their Blood;  
And did to the mistaking World pretend  
Man's Life from Fate, *pro Tempore*, to defend,  
Instead of which, to one their Art could save,  
They hasten'd Legions headlong to the Grave;  
And by their Pills, so *speedy, safe, and sure*,  
Begot more Evils than their Art could Cure.  
Some Fools and Tumblers, some Mechanicks bred,  
Who quitted Needle, Lath, or some such Trade,  
To barb'rously encrease the numbers of the Dead.  
When lustful Brutes were weary of their Wives,  
And wanted younger Flesh to bless their Lives.  
These were the Artists who by Med'cines force,  
Gave, on good Terms, a Physical Divorce,  
And often help'd, at reasonable Rates,  
Impatient Heirs much sooner to Estates,  
Well knowing whensoever they exert their Skill,  
The rich old Dad, or homely Spouse to kill,  
The Son or Husband ne'er disputes the Doctor's Bill.  
If to a Patient call'd, to them unknown,  
When first into the House or Room they're shewn,  
The mercenary Quack looks round to see  
What signs of Want, or of Prosperity  
Appear about the Chamber, and from thence  
Does his Advice accordingly dispence:

If meanly Furnish'd, and coarse Sheets, they're Poor,  
 The Country Air must then perform the Cure;  
 But if the Patient's Rich, Lie still, dear Sir,  
 Nurse keep him close, 'tis present Death to stir,  
 I'll send a Drink shall rectifie his Blood,  
 Drenches and Drops can only do him good,  
 Pearl-Cordials, made of Crabs-Eyes, must be now his Food.  
 Thus is the Wretch with Physick stuff'd and cloy'd,  
 And what he begs for most, is most deny'd,  
 Till pin'd away at last to Skin and Bone,  
 Only for want of Food to live upon:  
 But when giv'n o'er, if Nature be but strong,  
 The Cook oft proves the Doctor in the wrong,  
 And does his Life with Kitchin Physick save,  
 Brought by base Emp'ricks once so near the Grave.

From hence, my Lord, it plainly does appear,  
 Such Doctors many Thousands in a Year,  
*Secundum Artem*, kill, for want of good small Beer.  
 Thus is the noblest Science most abus'd,  
 And Patients by unskilful Quacks misus'd.  
 These Mercenary Methods they pursu'd,  
 Regarding nothing but their own Self-Good.  
 What Pains to these inhumane Crimes are due,  
 My Lord, I humbly must submit to you.

The Judge arose, his Countenance compos'd,  
 And to the Pris'ners thus his Mind disclos'd;  
 You who, pursuant to the God's Decree,  
 Are to receive your final Doom from me,

Your

Your Crimes are great, which you your selves well know,  
 Expect no Mercy, for I none can show;  
 Since you with loathsome Slops have Crowds destroy'd,  
 Whilst you your selves good wholesome Food enjoy'd;  
 Kill'd on, without regard to dying Groans,  
 And fill'd Church-Yards with your own Skeletons,  
 To Pains I'll doom ye, yet to Hell unknown,  
 Proportion'd to the hainious Ills you've done:  
 Such pois'nous Drenches shall you always swill,  
 As more and more torment, but never kill:  
 Each odious Draught shall still encrease your Hate,  
 And gripe you worse than *Asnick* does a Rat.  
 As close as barrel'd Figs you shall be cram'd,  
 Without the hopes of being e'er undamn'd:  
 There Purge, Spue, Piss, Sweat, to the worst degree,  
 And stink together to Eternity.

The Doctors at their Sentence hawk'd and spit,  
 The Apothecaries puk'd with meer conceit,  
 And with sad sickly Looks did humbly pray  
 The Court, they might be damn'd the common way:  
 The Judge to their Request had no regard,  
 But sent 'em to receive their just Reward.

## CANTO VI.

These were succeeded by a numerous Throng,  
 Who scan'd their Paces as they march'd along,  
 Some in their Hands had Songs, and some Lampoons,  
 Some Read, whilst others Sung *White-Fryars* *Tunes*.

Amongst

Amongst 'em, here and there, a stanch'd old Wit,  
 Who long had stood the Censure of the Pit,  
 Emphatically mouthing to the rest,  
 Some Madman's Rant, or some Fools barren Jest :  
 Repeating all things like a Man Inspir'd,  
 Storming or Smiling as the Sence requir'd.  
 Some who had Lyrick'd o'er a lucky Strain,  
 Look'd as if lately Rig'd in Drury-Lane ;  
 Whilst others, banter'd by their Jilting Muse,  
 Appear'd in Thread-bare Coats and rusty Shooes,  
 Yet all had Swords hung on strange aukward ways,  
 From Poet Nimy to the worthy Bays ;  
 Not wore as Soldiers do their Arms, to fight,  
 But for distinction, as an Author's Right,  
 Who tho' he hurts sometimes, yet hates to kill,  
 And never Wounds but with a Goose's Quill.

The mungril Scriblers, who could stand no Test,  
 Bow'd low with Veneration to the rest,  
 Entreating some grave Seignior to peruse,  
 A Leathern Satyr against Wooden Shooes ;  
 Or else a Poem, praising to the Skies,  
 The Cook that first projected Farthing-Ries,  
 Crying it was not heighten'd to his Power,  
 Because he loosely writ it in an Hour ;  
 The anngrý Bard with sundry Trifles teaz'd,  
 Made it much worse, and then the Fool was pleas'd.

Some about preference of Wit fell out,  
 And made a Rior in the Rhiming Rout,

Wound-



Wounding each other with Poetick Darts,  
 And rail'd like *Billingsgates* to show their Parts;  
 Each envious Wasp stung t'other at no rate,  
 Expressing not his Judgment, but his Hate.  
 Thus did the Partial Criticks all run Mad,  
 And fiercely strugl'd for what neither had;  
 As Whores their Reputations oft defend,  
 And for a Good Name, which they want, contend;  
 Whilst ev'ry stander-by the Feud derides,  
 Takes neither part, but ridicules both sides.  
 When round the Bar *Apollo's* Sons were spread,  
 And Proclamation was for Silence made.  
 Hell's Advocate began his just Report,  
 Op'ning their Accusations to the Court.

May't please your Lordship-----  
 ----- these the Taglines are,  
 Who softly Write, and very hardly Fare;  
 They tune their Words as *Tubal* did his Shells,  
 And Chime 'em as a Green-Bird does his Bells:  
 Their Muses leisure wait, and Rave by fits,  
 By some call'd Madmen, by themselves call'd Wits;  
 Who, to improve, and please a vicious Age,  
 Lampoon'd the Pulpit, and debauch'd the Stage;  
 And with convincing Arguments profess,  
 Wit was best relish'd in a Bawdy Jest;  
 Writ wanton Songs would fire a Virgin's Blood,  
 And make her covet what's against her good:  
 Laid such obscene Intrigues in ev'ry Play,  
 That sent warm Youth with lustful Thoughts away.

D

And

And when thus guilty, a defence could urge,  
And justifie those Ills they ought to scourge.

These are the Flatt'ers, who with fulsome Lies  
Made Knaves seem honest, and rich Fools seem wise;  
Misplac'd the Epithets, Great, Good, and Just,  
Us'd them as Masks to cover Pride and Lust:  
Virtues to each vain gilded Fop they gave,  
Made Niggards Generous and Cowards Brave;  
Found Charms and Graces for each homely She,  
And highly prais'd each Jilt of Quality;  
Made her all Beauty, Innocence Divine,  
And like a Goddess in their Poems shine,  
Who whilst they sung her Praise, in Fact was lewd,  
And lawless Pleasures ev'ry Hour pursu'd;  
If lib'ral of her Gold they'd give her Charms,  
Thus sold their Praise as Herald's do their Arms.

The World they cheated into base Mistakes,  
And gull'd 'em with a thousand Rhiming Knacks;  
With Fancies, witty Flirts, and musing Dreams,  
Extravagantly heighten'd to Extreame.  
If Praise they writ, then ev'ry partial Line,  
Shou'd make the *Bristol* Stone like Diamond Shine;  
Or vouch a Nosegay of some Lady's Farts,  
More fragrant than a Rose, to show their Parts.  
Their Works are all false Mirrors, where Men see  
Not what they are, but what they cannot be:  
Such luscious Flatt'ries flowing from each Pen,  
As make their Patrons Gods, not Mortal Men.

Thus

( 11 )

Thus some affecting Grandeur, by a Cheat  
Are often made so Popular and Great.  
As the proud *Sapho* did, by Parrots praise,  
Himself above all Humane Glory raise;  
And by his subtle and amusing Fraud,  
Procur'd the Veneration of a God.  
So are the Prisoners at the Bar ( my Lords )  
A jingling Consort of deceitful Birds,

Who sung about the World, like common Fame,  
Hyperboles of Praise to each great Name,  
And made those Actions Glorious which deserv'd but Shame.

The lewd Great Man, that banter'd Holy Writ,  
And ridicul'd Religion, was a Wit;  
For all things render'd able, tho' for nothing fit.

Sublime his Notions, and refin'd his Thoughts,  
Their Dedications wip'd away all Blots,  
And made the wild young Fop an Angel without Faults.

The Patron of his Gold profusely free,  
To indulge himself in his Debauchery,  
Was generously Great, to a laudable degree.

If too much love of Money was his Vice,  
He did the Pleasures of the World despise,  
And was with them no less than Provident and Wise.

Tho'

Tho' ne'er so vile, if th' Muses Friends they were,  
For every Vice a Virtue shou'd appear,  
Poems and Dedications kept their Honours clear.

If they writ Satyr, 'twas their only Care  
To represent things blacker than they were;  
Nay, clap a Sable Vizard on the brightest Fair:

Make the best Creatures to their Lash submit,  
Render each Virtuous She a Counterfeit,  
And Stile the Pious Virgin but a Hipocrite.

The saving Man as Niggard they'll accuse,  
The gen'rous Worthy they can call Profuse,  
Thus all that's Good and Just, when e'er they please, abuse.

The sober Student is a Bookish Dunce,  
The Wit that's free spends too much Brains at once,  
And he that's Brave or Bold, is but a Flash or Bounce.

Religion, when they please, is but a Trick,  
The Priests are Hounds that hunt a Bishoprick,  
Who for the same Reward wou'd truly serve Old Nick.

Thus Cause or Person, whether bad or good,  
That in their bias'd Path of Interest stood,  
Were without Merit prais'd, or falsely render'd Lewd.

Thus



Thus, may it please your Lordship, have I run  
Thro' the chief Ills their bias'd Pens have done,  
And must conclude, 'tis now the Bench's part  
To give the Rhiming Paupers their desert.

Their Accusations being all made plain,  
The Judge himself austere thus began.

You who by Nature had such Gifts allow'd,  
As rais'd your Minds above the common Crowd.  
When thus enrich'd, to condescend so low  
As stoop to Railing, or to Flatt'ry bow,  
Shame on your Cow'rdly Souls, to so abuse  
That *Genius* giv'n you for a nobler use.  
To've heighten'd Virtue should have been your Task,  
And shew'd the Strumpet Vice without her Mask.  
To've giv'n the Wise Respect, taught Fools more Wit,  
Reprov'd, and not have rais'd vain Self-Conceit ;  
By Flatt'ring some for Int'rest, who abhor  
Those very Virtues you have prais'd 'em for,  
Whilst the Great Soul who true desert contains,  
Is render'd Odious by your envious Pens.  
For these Offences, which your Charge makes plain,  
Destructive to the common Peace of Man,  
This Sentence I Decree -----

To Hell's remotest Caves ye shall be sent,  
In woful Verse you shall your Crimes recant,  
And Criticising Devils shall your Souls Torment.

E

Nay,

Nay, further, to encrease your wretched State,  
 Shall write in praise of Bailiffs, whom you hate,  
 And humbly, in your Poems, stile 'em Good and Great.

Brisk Clarret, and th' obliging Mifs dispraise;  
 Thus shall you Scribble 'gainst your Wills both ways,  
 And ev'ry Imp shall make Bumfodder of your Lays.

## C A N T O VII.

This Scene being ended, and the Poets gone,  
 After some space a new Parrade came on;  
 A Throng of angry Ghosts that next drew near,  
 Large as a *Persian* Army did appear;  
 Each to the rest show'd Envy in his Looks,  
 Some Writings in their Hands, some printed Books.  
 The learn'd Contents of which they knew no more,  
 Than the Calves Skins their sundry Volumes wore,  
 Down from the bulky Folio to the Twenty-Four.  
 As they press'd on, confus'dly in a Crowd,  
*Piracy, Piracy*, they cry'd aloud,  
 What made you print my Copy, Sir, says one,  
 You're a meer Knave, 'tis very basely done.  
 You did the like by such, you can't deny,  
 And therefore you're as great a Knave as I.  
 By their own Words I found alike they were,  
 The Dev'l a Barrel better Herring there.  
 Printers, their Slaves, b'ing mix'd amongst the rest,  
 Betwixt 'em both arose a great Contest:

Th'

Th' ungrateful *Bibliopoles* swoln big with Rage,  
 Did thus their servile *Typographs* engage :  
 You Letter-picking Juglers at the Cafe,  
 And you Illit'rate Slaves that work at Press;  
 How dare you thus unlawfully invade  
 Our Properties, and trespass on our Trade,  
 Print Copies for your selves, and fill the Town,  
 Instead of ours, with Pamphlets of your own;  
 Publish upon your own Accounts each Day,  
 And buy our Authors off with better Pay ?  
 How can you justify such Wrongs as these,  
 When both, by right, shou'd bow your Heads and Knees,  
 To Write and Print for us, and at what rates we please ?

This Arrogance inflam'd the Printing Crew,  
 And from their Tongues these sharp reflections drew :  
 Ye paultry Tribe, we bow our Heads to you!  
 Pray when, or how, became this Homage due ?  
 What has possess'd your Noddles with this Dream ?  
 Our Trade's an Art soars high i'th' World's esteem :  
 'Tis we the Labours of the Learn'd disperse,  
 And diffuse Knowledge thro' the Universe,  
 We give new Light, Obscurities remove,  
 All Sciences preserve, the same improve ;  
 Which were it not for us would quickly die,  
 And must in dark Oblivion bury'd lie.  
 Nay, I may boldly say, the Church and State  
 Are by our means supported and made great :  
 Yet Gratitude obliges us to give,  
 Preference to Authors, 'tis by them we live.

We

We did at first, and still alone can do  
 Their Bus'ness, and no Aid require of you,  
 Who were at first but Hawkers, and no more,  
 Imploy'd to range the Town and Country o'er;  
 Travel'd with Asses to convey your Books,  
 And kept no Shop but Panniers, Bags, and Pokes.  
 Thus trudg'd to Markets, strol'd to ev'ry Fair,  
 Open'd your Wallets on the Ground, and there,  
 Amongst Hogs, Pigs, and Geese expos'd your learned Ware. }  
 Thus you at first were neither more nor less,  
 Than servile Pedlars to the fruitful Press;  
 No Copies cou'd ye buy, no Charter boast,  
 But now alas, those good old Times are lost.

Corners of Streets, and Gateways in the Town,  
 Were chosen Places where your Stocks were shown;  
 There sate like Women with their Curds and Whey,  
 Had none, or very little Rent to pay:  
 Sold Ballads, Penny-Books, poor Fools to please,  
*Tom Thumb's* old Tales, or such like Whims as these.  
 At last, by Time and Chance more prosp'rous made,  
 Leap'd into Shops, and so advanc'd your Trade;  
 As you grew Rich, still proving greater ~~Knaves~~,  
 Made Authors Hacknies, and the Press your Slaves:  
 Why should we thus your Impositions bear,  
 Who rais'd you first to be what now you are?  
 Both, to our Grief, have been too long your Tools,  
 They sell their Brains like Asses, we our Pains like Fools.

This



This made the Libel-Venders Wrath run high,  
 They shew their Teeth, began a warm Reply ;  
 But that the Cryer call'd 'em to the Bar,  
 And the Court's awe suppress'd their rising War,  
 They knew their Guilt, and humble rev'rence paid,  
 Then all their Evils were before 'em laid.  
 Thus says Hell's Council, I begin their Charge,  
 Whose Crimes Stupendous are, their number large.

My Lord -----

These Sheepish Forms, who look so pale and wan,  
 Corrupted by a strong desire of Gain,  
 Kingdoms inflam'd, disturb'd the Peace of Man.  
 These were the discontented Statesman's Tools,  
 Who spread his Malice and impos'd on Fools ;  
 Princes abus'd, against their Thrones inveigh'd,  
 Affronting Pow'rs by them should be obey'd.  
 Base mercenary Scriblers did imploy,  
 And when the Troubles of a State run high,  
 Pour'd in their Pamphlets, did the World bewitch,  
 With Paper-Engines still enlarg'd the Breach,  
 Regarding not the Right of either side,  
 But made the Mob's mistaken Zeal their Guide,  
 Observ'd which way the People's Whimsies run,  
 And follow'd them with Books to drive 'em on.  
 Would Treasonable Lyes accumulate  
 And pelt 'em at a weak declining State,  
 Oft to a King's undoing, or a Nation's Fate.  
 Printed both *Pro* and *Con* no matter what,  
 Serv'd that Cause most, where most was to be got.

No publick Ill could reach the End desir'd,  
 But their assistance must be first requir'd:  
 Were Midwives to designs of restless Men,  
 Which ought to've dy'd Abominations in the Brain.  
 With hurtful Whims they kept the World in play,  
 And introduc'd new Mischiefs ev'ry Day;  
 Which the blind Crowd believing were mislead,  
 And still were greater Fools the more they read.  
 When things accru'd they'd to their Scribe repair,  
 Hid in some lofty Turret Lord knows where:  
 Where for small Pay, his mercenary Quill,  
 Robs some of their good Names, gives others ill,  
 Just as the Prisoners at the Bar requir'd,  
 To rail at any thing he would be hir'd,  
 Who, fond of what he Writes, thinks ev'ry Line inspir'd.  
 These Mungril Scriblers they imploy'd in spite,  
 To abuse Wits, and teaze 'em on to Write,  
 That Press and Booksellers might both get Money by't.  
 Kept 'em to raise up Jealousies and Fears,  
 And set Mankind together by the Ears,  
 As wifling Curs make Mastiffs oft engage,  
 And keep a yelping to foment their Rage.  
 But at a distance stand behind some Skreen,  
 And, like true Cowards, shun the dang'rous Scene.

Next these, my Lord, my Breviate does include  
 The blackest of all Crimes, Ingratitude,  
 Distinguish'd by so vile, so foul a Stain,  
 Hateful to Beasts, nay Devils, well as Men.

This

This Sin was epidemically spread,  
 And by long use corrupted all the Trade, (Bread }  
 T'wards Authors practis'd most, by whom they got their }  
 Which aggravates the Evil, and does make  
 Their sullied Consciences appear more black.

When the unwary forward Youth begins,  
 To trust his private Thoughts in publick Lines,  
 Large Promises they'd make to draw him in,  
 But their Performance he shou'd find but thin.  
 If's Writings pleas'd, they gently fed his Wants,  
 And tho' things Sold, yet vex'd him with Complaints,  
 Instead of giving him that due Reward  
 His Pains deserv'd, and they might well afford,  
 They'd means contrive to build him up a Score,  
 And find a thousand ways to keep him Poor.  
 When this was done, they'd awe him with their Frowns,  
 And buy him as their Slave by lent Half-Crowns ;  
 Arrest him, plague him, thus should he be teas'd,  
 Unless he drudg'd and scribl'd as they pleas'd :  
 In Print abuse him, scourge him round the Town,  
 And make his Reputation like their own.  
 Thus did they feed on Author's teeming Brains,  
 And kept 'em Starving to Reward their Pains,  
 Whose Faculties decline, as Age creeps on,  
 And when their sprightly Thoughts are fled and gone, }  
 They leave the helpless Wretches miserably undone. }  
 So th' Magget in a Nut that long has fed, }  
 And by the Kernel fat and fair is made, }  
 Disdains the empty Shell wherein he first was bred.

Next

Next these, my Lord, themselves could not agree,  
 Or could they honest to each other be,  
 But one anothers Properties invade,  
 To th' scandal and the damage of their Trade.  
 He that to's own Fraternity is base,  
 Can ne'er be just, whilst Int'rest's in the Case;  
 But will for mercenary Ends pursue  
 The worst of Ills that's in his Power to do:  
 An Adage has declar'd, the Bird, at best,  
 Is but an ill one that befouls his Nest.  
 As such Ill Birds, my Lord, for such they are,  
 I represent the Pris'ners at the Bar, (Care. }  
 To reward these their Crimes deserves your Lordship's }

Th'impartial Judge deliberation took,  
 And when determin'd, thus he gravely spoke.

You who before me do Convicted stand,  
 Of publick Mischiefs to your Native Land,  
 Besides Ingratitude, Fraud, Piracy,  
 Unreasonable Gain, and Calumny,  
 Souls blacken'd with such deep infernal Stains,  
 I'm bound to punish with the greatest Pains.  
 Beneath the Poets shall your Station be,  
 From their Invectives you shall ne'er be free:  
 With burning Satyrs they shall sting your Souls,  
 As Farmers do their Hogs, or Cooks their Fowls.  
 Pamphlets and Plays shall make your flaming Pile,  
 And Author's Dung shall baste you as you broil.

And



And there for ever to encrease your Woes,  
Read *O--d--'*s dull Rhimes, or *Sh--y's* Prose.

A trembling Bookseller amidst the Crowd,  
When Sentence was pronounc'd, cry'd out aloud,  
Ah! Neighbours, Neighbours, wou'd we'd honest been,  
Why what a sad Condition are we in!  
Poets you know were such faint-hearted Wretches,  
That when their *Plays* were damn'd they'd foul their Breeches.  
Indeed I dread them most of all our Evils,  
For now they're damn'd themselves they'll drip like Devils.

## C A N T O VIII.

Next came a jolly Troop of staggering Sots,  
Arm'd, some with Glasses, some with Pewter Pots;  
Who round their Hips had azure Ensigns ty'd,  
Put on for use, but hanging low for Pride.  
Some who were bound the bleeding Grape to thank,  
Had Noses dy'd with Noble Juice they'd drank.]  
Others crept after, whose Consumptive Looks,  
Were paler far than either Smiths or Cooks;  
Who wanting strength of Nature for their Trade,  
B' excess of Wine meer Skeletons were made.  
Amongst the rest some bulky Forms appear'd,  
Huge strenuous Souls to be admir'd and fear'd;  
Each at his Middle had a sharp ground Adds,  
Looking like Giants that oppos'd the Gods.

Some Nippers in their Hands, as if they meant  
 To catch the Devil's Nose, as did the Saint.  
 As they went on amongst the Tipling Train,  
 About Precedence some Disputes began;  
 The Hoghead Drummers, who to please the Mob,  
 Can make such Musick with an empty Tub,  
 Took some distaste, their friendly Union broke,  
 And thus in Anger to the Vintners spoke,  
 Have we taught you the Practical Deceits,  
 Of Cider, Stum, the Whites of Eggs, and Sweets,  
 How to Ferment, to Rack, to Mix and Fine,  
 And all your pretty Knacks and Tricks with Wine.  
 And shall you now in this presume to show  
 Such Skill as we, who taught you what we know,  
 Pretend Priority, take th'upper-hand,  
 And think us servile Tools at your Command;  
 No, you shall find that we have so much Wit,  
 To reserve some things never told you yet:  
 Such secret Tricks that with your selves we play,  
 Practis'd in Merchants Cellars ev'ry Day.  
 Since we in managing of Wines know most,  
 You ought to give us the precedent Post.

The Vintners to the Coopers thus reply'd,  
 Strutting like Turkey-Cocks in all their Pride,  
 Can you, proud Slaves, of us precedence ask,  
 Whose business chiefly is to Hoop our Cask,  
 Our Vaults and Cellars in due order keep,  
 And watch our Pipes and Butts they do not sweep?

Tho'

Tho' you're thus Prodigal, we'd have you know,  
 Our Station is above, and yours below ;  
 We use no Arts to adulterate our Wine,  
 Or with pernicious Ship-Slops make it fine.  
 We only mix'd together Strong and Small,  
 And gave 'em Natures course to rise and fall.  
 The Coopers, what the Vintners urg'd, deny'd,  
 And in a mighty Passion swore they Ly'd.  
 Just as the swelling Feud thus high was grown,  
 And pointed Words were at each other thrown,  
 The Cryer call'd the Pris'ners to the Bar,  
 The Vintners answer'd, *Coming, Coming, Sir.*  
 When round the Court the Topping Crew were spread,  
 Their sinful Charge was thus exhibited.

May't please your Lordship -----  
 The num'rous throng of Fuddle-Caps, that here  
 Promiscuously before the Bar appear,  
 On others ruine have themselves entich'd,  
 And with their charming Juice the World bewitch'd.  
 Crowds of poor Mortals in a Year they flew,  
 With base adulterated Stuffs they drew ;  
 Impos'd on Customers when Drunk and Mad,  
 And with good Words wou'd put off Wine that's bad,  
 If fault, altho' deservedly, was found,  
 They'd tell ye, if they search'd the Cellar round,  
 They have no better, but with all their Heart,  
 Will change it for a strong or smaller sort.  
 May please you better, but with some new Name  
 Wou'd bring the cred'lous Bubble back the same,

And

And falsly swear his Pallat is amiss,  
 If he finds fault with such kind Wine as this,  
 For that to please his Taste he'd broach'd a fresher Piece.  
 Kept *Cider* in their Vaults with ill Design,  
 Yet vow they never mix but Wine with Wine;  
 Bought Eggs by Hundreds for their Cellars use,  
 The Yolks made Puddings, but the Whites for Juice.  
 For common Wine, unreasonably would ask  
 Six-Pence the more because 'twas in a Flask,  
 Bound with large Wickers, fill'd with heavy Port,  
 Sold for *French Claret*, wanting of a Quart.  
 And that their Crimes a deeper dye should take,  
 Ingratitude made all their Actions black;  
 For him wh' amongst 'em his Estate had spent,  
 When Poverty had brought him to repent  
 His Follies past, the Gainers in the end,  
 Would blame him most, and be the least his Friend.  
 Thus, says Hell's Pleader, I my Charge conclude,  
 And to your Lordship leave the Tipling Multitude.  
 The Judge sum'd up, in a short Speech, their Sins,  
 And then the Culprits Doom he thus begins.

For Evils done above, from whence you came,  
 Infernal Fevers shall your Souls inflame;  
 Eternal Drowth upon your Tongues shall dwell,  
 And all be fetter'd near an empty Well;  
 Fine Rivers at a distance shall you see,  
 Burnt Brandy shall your only Liquor be,  
 And in this State remain to all Eternity.

*The End of the Second Part.*